

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 48.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Eighth of the Series will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), November 27th, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include—Overture, *Coriolan* (Beethoven); Concerto for violoncello and orchestra (Saint-Saëns)—first time; Symphony, No. 1, in G minor (Brahms); Prayer from *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner); Adagio in A, for violin, viola, and bass, from the *Licetissimo*, No. 7 (Mozart); Ballet Airs from *Le Duc Genéville* (Ponchielli)—first time of performance. Vocalist—Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo Violoncello—M. Hollman (first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Conductor—MR AUGUST MANNS. Seats—2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE SECOND BALLAD CONCERT of Celebrated Songs and New Ballads.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL. —The SECOND CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuel, and Mdmé Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Maas; Mr Santley, Mr King, and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. O. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

ST JAMES'S HALL, St Andrew's Day (TUESDAY Next), November 30th. The ANNUAL SCOTCH BALLAD and FESTIVAL CONCERT, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Miss Agnes Ross, Miss Thorndike, Mdmé Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Herbert Reeves, and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Santley. The Glasgow Select Choir (Conductor—Mr James Allen) will sing a Selection of solid Scotch melodies, as performed before Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral. Conductors—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr HENRY PARKER. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

THIS EVENING.

MDME LIEBHART and Mdmé EMES'S SEVENTH SATURDAY MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT (LAST BUT TWO), at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W. THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, November 27th, at Eight o'clock. Mdmé Liebhart, Emes, E. Martens, Reyls, and Romili; M. De Monaco, A. Martens, and Monari-Rocca. Pianoforte—M. Henry Loge. Conductor—Signor A. ROMILI. Popular prices—3s., 2s., and 1s.

MDME LIEBHART and Mdmé EMES'S BENEFIT CONCERT and LAST of the present Series, will take place on SATURDAY Evening, December 18th, at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W. Particulars will be duly announced.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—HIGHER MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS for Diplomas and Special Certificates in separate subjects (Pianoforte, Organ, Singing, Harmony, &c.) will be held at the College, January 3 to 8, 1881. INTENDING CANDIDATES are Reminded that the LAST DAY of ENTRY is December 3. Forms of application and other particulars will be supplied on application to the SECRETARY, Trinity College, London, W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Fourteenth Season, 1880. NOTICE.—The date of the next SOIRÉE MUSICALE will be duly announced. Full Prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent St., W.

NOW READY.—The PROFESSIONAL POCKET-BOOK and DAILY AND HOURLY ENGAGEMENT DIARY for 1881. Published under the immediate direction of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, specially adapted for Musical and other Professional Men. This work contains, in addition to the usual information in Almanacs, Pocket Books, &c., Spaces (ruled and printed) for Entries of Lessons and Appointments for each hour of the day, pages ruled for Accounts, blank spaces for Memoranda, &c. Price, in roan case, 3s.; in Russia leather, 6s. Published by RUDALL, CARTE & Co., Orchestral and Military Instrument Makers, 23, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

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MISS LOUISA BALL, the Youthful Elocutionist, will recite (by desire), in December, for the Benefit of the Post Office Messengers' Concert, the following poems: "THE CHILD MARTYR" (EDWARD OXFORD, Esq.), "LITTLE JIM" (by FARMER), and "WILLIE'S GRAVE" (by EDWIN WAUGH).

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Holborn Town Hall, on December 6th.

"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY."

MR DE LARA will sing HOPE TEMPLE's new Song, "TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY" ("I LOVE THEE"), poetry by TOM HOOD, at Mr Kuhe's Concert at Brighton, on Monday, November 29th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR F. R. WILLIAMS will sing WILFORD MORGAN's popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Camden Town, in December.

"I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS").

MDME EDITH MURRAY, MR JOHN CROSS, and Mr FRANK WARD will sing RANDGGER's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS") at the Holborn Town Hall, Monday, December 6th.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at St James's Hall, December 7th; and Town Hall, Birmingham, December 9th.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing ASCHER's popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at St James's Hall, December 7th; and Town Hall, Birmingham, December 9th.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"That clever pianist, Miss Lillie Albrecht, has frequently proved that she can compose for, as well as perform on, her instrument. Her Idyll, entitled 'Amour Inquiet,' is a very pleasing and melodious piece, in which the left hand is of prominent importance, forming a good study for *legato* playing."—*Illustrated London News*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

During the rehearsals for the production of Signor Tito Mattei's opera, *Maria di Gand*, the last of which took place on Wednesday, Mr Armit has gone on with the most familiar works in his repertory. Thus, *La Traviata*, *Faust*, and *Il Trovatore* have, on as many recent evenings, engaged the attention and contributed to the pleasure of those who love best that which they most fully know. Gounod's opera was played on Monday, with Mdle Rosina Isidor as Marguerite, and once more in a character favoured of great artists this clever lady showed that she is able to stand the test of a trying comparison without cause to be ashamed. Her Marguerite was in several respects attractive, and in all interesting—such a Marguerite, indeed, as the manager of an "off season," and the public who support him, may think themselves lucky in having secured. After its wont, *Il Trovatore* drew a full gallery and pit last night, when Verdi's opera was performed, with Signor Aldighieri as the Count, and Signor Vizzani as Manrico. In parts so hackneyed, these gentlemen can scarcely be assumed to have done their best—at any rate, it is charitable to say so, for Signor Vizzani appeared to labour under an access of languor, and Signor Aldighieri expended in superfluous demonstration a measure of force which should have taken the form of carefulness. Instead of Mdme Giovannoni Zacchi, who is engaged in rehearsing the new work, Mdme Colombo (Mdme Tito Mattei) appeared as Leonora. Under the circumstances, Mdme Colombo is safe from criticism. She came forward, at short notice, to save the opera, and our simple duty is to say that her fellow-artists had no reason to regard her as unworthy of their company. The Azucena was Mdme Amadi, a recent accession to the troupe, and one that is likely to prove of considerable value. Mdme Amadi has a voice of good and equal quality, of sufficient power and adequate flexibility for contralto parts. She phrases well, and is capable of much expression, as fully appeared in the camp scene last night. Not often has the Gipsy's pathetic air been given with better effect. Moreover, Mdme Amadi can act, so that equally as striking as Azucena's declamation in the exciting *ensemble* was the manner in which the character was presented to the eye. The lady is by no means the least satisfactory of Mr Armit's *débütantes*.

Signor Tito Mattei's opera *Maria di Gand* was produced on Thursday night, the principal characters being represented by Mdme Giovannoni Zacchi (Maria), Signor Runcio (Orley), Signor Ordinas (Marco), and Signor Aldighieri (Georgio). A large and sympathetic audience expressed great admiration for the work, frequently recalling the artists, and summoning the composer before the curtain after each act. How far these demonstrations were justified we shall take an early opportunity of considering.—D. T.

There is little to chronicle about the doings at this theatre since our last. In consequence of the rehearsals for Signor Tito Mattei's opera, *Maria di Gand*, announced for production on Thursday evening, there have been some changes in the casts of more than one opera. Mdme Zacchi being set down for the heroine in this new work, Mdme Colombo undertook the part of Leonora (*Il Trovatore*) in her place, and gave general satisfaction. Mdme Amadi materially strengthening her position by her assumption of the character of Azucena, to the music of which her voice is thoroughly well suited, and into the dramatic significance of which she has thoroughly entered. Mdle Rosina Isidor, too, advanced another step in public opinion by her highly intelligent and artistic performance as Marguerite in *Faust*, which was cordially appreciated by the audience. Meanwhile, upon the reception accorded to Signor Mattei's opera, the future progress of the winter season mainly depends, and for this reason alone every one will wish it success, since it must be admitted that Mr Armit has worked zealously under more than ordinary difficulties.—Graphic.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the music given at the Students' Chamber Concert, in the concert-room of the Institution on Saturday evening, Nov. 20:—

Psalms II., Op. 78, No. 1, chorus of eight parts without accompaniment, "Why rage fiercely the heathen" (Mendelssohn)—solos by Miss Kate Tully, Miss Florence Norman, Miss Adele Myers, Miss Woolley, Mr Levett, Mr Robertson, Mr Cummings, and Mr Pierpoint; Scherzo, Allegretto Vivace, Menuetto, Moderato E Grazioso, Presto con fuoco, from Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3 (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Miss Ellam pupil of Mr J. B. Jewson; Recitativo ed Aria, "Dove Sono," *Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart)—Contessa, Miss Paget; Adagio, in D (MS.), (William Sewell, Novello scholar)—violin, Miss Kathleen Watts, pianoforte, Mr

William Sewell; Songs, "All along the valley" and "The willow tree" (Walter Macfarren)—Miss M. Spencer Jones; Toccata, in D minor (J. S. Bach)—Organ, Mr Walter Hughes; Song (MS.), "Wandering Wishes" (Robert B. Addison)—Mr Hirwin Jones; Part Songs, female voices, "I hear a harp," "Come away, death," "Greetings," and "Weep on the rocks," first time of performance (Brahms)—harp, Master Thomas Barker, horns, Mr C. Harper and Mr C. E. Catchpole; Durchaus Phantastisch und Leiden-Schaftlich Vorzutragen, Mässig, Durchaus Energisch, from Fantasia in C, Op. 17 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Miss Maud Willett, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Quintetto, "Sento O Dio," *Così fan tutti* (Mozart)—Fiordiligi, Miss Kate Hardy, Dorabella, Miss Rowe, Ferrando, Mr H. Jones, Guglielmo, Mr Cummings, Don Alfonso, Mr Bishop; Sonata, in E flat (MS.), (W. G. Wood, student)—violin, Mr Frank Arnold, pianoforte, Mr W. G. Wood; Aria, "Vedrai Carino," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—Zerlina, Miss Effie Clements; Sonata (Elisen zum Andenken), in D, Op. 118, No. 2 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Miss Amy Hare, pupil of Westlake; Aria, "Regnava nel Silenzio, *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti)—Lucia, Miss Josephine Pulham; Improptu, "The Sighing Wind" (W. H. Holmes)—pianoforte, Miss Louise De Nohac, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed" (Edwards).

Mr William Shakespeare conducted.

THE CLEVER COMMITTEE.

(From "Fun.")

Of course, to do a thing in style, And so avoid the cynic's smile, An energetic, fostering Committee is the very thing. Committees, as I needn't tell, Will always do their duty well; But I'm about to bring to view The very best I ever knew.	But meanwhile that Committee brings Its mind to bear on other things— Upon one other thing, at least— To make arrangements for a feast. It made arrangements where to dine, It made arrangements for the wine, It chose the food, prepared the wit, And marked the places where to sit. And then it made arrangements— yes— It made arrangements for the Press, For it arranged, with placid pride, That all the Press should stay outside! The Press began to make a fuss, When that Committee answered thus: "If you will come, you'll have to try. Our unacoustic gallery."
A country town (which, by-the-bye, I've had the happiness to trace As that Committee's native place. It happened, on a certain day, A noble Marquis came that way To speak in that same town of their Upon political affairs.	The Press replied, and gave a sneer, "When noble Marquises come here They don't address a simple few Of local nincompoops like you; Their words, of which we take the charge, Are spoken to the world at large; Unless we're placed in proper sort We'll tell him there'll be no report."
Now it was that Committee's game To make arrangements for the same; It worked the matter through and through, And very well it did it, too, The Marquis found, when he arrived, That things had been so well con- trived He had no place to lay his head! And no one offered him a bed.	The magnates, cowed at this, agree To pass them—for a guinea fee! (Which must upon the senses strike As eminently business-like). The Press, from poverty exempt, Forked out the fees "with great con- tempt;" But their reports, which made a hit, Omitted all "Committee" wit.
His valet wandered up and down And searched about the wretched town, But that Committee had the pull, For ev'ry blessed place was full. That valet sighed, with aching feet, "My master's bedroom is the street," When, just as hope was growing dim, A stranger yielded his to him.	I'm sure you will admit the claim Of these Committee men to fame, For no one, I'll be bound to say, Could do the thing much worse than they. But if you think my tale untrue, Another print is "in it" too— The print to which I now refer The Manchester Examiner.

COLOGNE.—The Association for Church Music, under the direction of Herr Mertke, intend giving this winter three Subscription concerts at which the following works will be performed; *Mass Solemnis*, Cherubini; *Stabat Mater*, Theodor Gouvy; Music to *The Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; Music to *Turandot*, Vincenz Lachner; and *Bonifacius*, an oratorio, book by Lina Schneider, music by F. W. G. Nicolai. The last two works will be executed under the direction of their respective composers.

THE FAUST OF BERLIOZ.

The great interest and admiration excited by the performance, last season, of Hector Berlioz's dramatic legend, *The Damnation of Faust*, naturally determined Mr Charles Hallé, and those associated with him in introducing the work, to bring it forward again on an early occasion. This resolve was carried out on Saturday evening with entire success, St James's Hall being well filled by an audience who gave the strongest possible assurance of perfect sympathy with, and cordial appreciation of, the French master's music. Among those present was M. Lamoureux, of the Grand Opéra, and he, we may well believe, witnessed with no little pride the efforts made to honour his illustrious compatriot by an adequate performance, and the ungrudging homage which the performance, being adequate, could not fail to call forth. M. Lamoureux will now be able to tell the musicians of France that the increasing favour shown in England to French music is not confined to the works of living men, but that London follows hard after Paris in giving long due recognition to one whose greatest misfortune lay in being born too soon, and in dying before he could make himself understood. When *The Damnation of Faust* was first presented by Mr Hallé we discussed its merits and character at such length that very little remains to say now. All who are interested in music have, since the beauty of the work was noised abroad, made themselves in some degree familiar with the poetry and imaginativeness that pervade it, as well as with the wealth of its melody and its wholly distinctive and characteristic style. But no amount of private study can convey a perfect idea respecting *The Damnation of Faust*. The work is eminently symphonic, and has a fair claim to rank among the first of those which foreshadowed the exaltation of the orchestra to its present place of co-ordinate rank with associated voices. But it should be looked upon as symphonic in a special sense, derived not so much from the important part given to the instruments as from the way in which that part is played. Till the later music-dramas of Wagner appeared no work approached that of Berlioz in its skilful and powerful use of what, for lack of a better term, we know as "tone colour." The music of *The Damnation of Faust* might be profitably studied on this account alone, since it shows that the secret of dramatic writing lies not only in melodic phrase and harmonic combination, but, to a very great extent, in colour. No doubt every masterpiece of the same kind conveys the same lesson, and amateurs will at once think of the trombones in the statue scene of *Don Giovanni*, or of the same instruments—so differently employed—in the dungeon scene of *Fidelio*, or of the delicious horn in the Notturmo of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But while a thousand equally apt examples existed before Berlioz, *The Damnation of Faust* was the first to show, in all its fulness, the amazing value, for dramatic purposes, of orchestral tone-colour. It might, perhaps, be hard to go through the work page by page and demonstrate why this or that instrumental combination has been used and no other. Such problems lie outside the range of the exact sciences, and are determined by the inner perception of completeness and fitness to which every true art-work appeals. But whether we take the famous Hungarian March, Faust's Dream, the Dance of Sylphs, Margaret's Lament, the Ride to the Abyss, or, indeed, any other representative number in the work, we find the orchestra suffused, so to speak, with an extraordinary radiance, in the light of which the scene gains both distinctness and beauty. Carrying on the figure, it might even be said that, as the light breaks upon each person and object, it decomposes, and illumines every part with the prismatic hue that suits it best. Since Berlioz wrote, composers have largely given themselves up to this kind of illumination, and too many of them prove that they are colourists, and little else. The great charm of the French master is that with such a prominent and attractive orchestra, musical idea and form are found in just association. He shows how submission to the reign of law in art is compatible with the perfect freedom for which so many become rebels, and, this being the case, his work has a particular value at the present time. Not much can be gained by fighting the musical extravagancies and eccentricities of our day with the compositions of the old masters. We cannot exercise the one by means of the other, simply because the product of any particular age has, while the age endures, a living power that belongs to no other. But, it is quite possible to regulate modern musical development by showing that finality on the old lines has not been reached, and that a "new departure" is unnecessary as well as dangerous. To this end the influence of *The Damnation of Faust* works. Its airs and choruses, its marches and interludes, link the work with the glorious past, while its free and passionate expression and its resplendent effects point to a future of which the difference in glory shall be only a difference in degree.

The performance was again directed by Mr Charles Hallé, who had with him, as before, his famous Manchester orchestra. In some

other respects circumstances were different; a London chorus taking the place of that which came on the previous occasion from the Lancashire city, while Mr Santley appeared as Mephistopheles, instead of Herr Henschel. The result was, perhaps, scarcely so satisfactory all round, but only a captious spirit would find fault with a performance that gave almost unqualified pleasure, and was an achievement of a high order. One or two slips marred the perfection of the orchestral work. At the same time, no words of praise can be too strong for the execution of the Hungarian March, the Dance of Sylphs (encored), and of the delicate and difficult accompaniments. Rarely has a more admirable *ensemble*, working with precision and guided by taste and judgment, won the unanimous applause of connoisseurs. The choruses were, on the whole, well sung, and must have been practised with as much intelligence as assiduity, while the solo vocalists gave great satisfaction. Of Miss Mary Davies and Mr Lloyd it would suffice to say that they were as excellent as before. Miss Davies sings the music of the heroine with precisely the expression that suits it and that best corresponds with the character, nor is Mr Lloyd less happy in that of Faust. Mr Pyatt, as Brander, discharged his task sufficiently well, and Mr Santley—who, by the way, used a strangely different English version to that in the printed copies—gave to the music of the Fiend all the effect that large experience and rare skill made possible. Mr Santley especially distinguished himself in the Serenade, singing it with infinite vigour and point, and winning a loud encore. How Mr Charles Hallé, who was much applauded, led the entire performance need not be told. He was master in full both of his theme and his position.—D. T.

THE LATE CHARLES HARCOURT.

(From the "Sunday Figaro.")

At the funeral of poor Charles Harcourt I saw grown-up men weeping like children, and the high respect in which the deceased actor was held will be patent to everyone when I tell them that at least a thousand of his professional brethren and sisters were present to murmur, "Rest in Peace" over his grave. I knew him but slightly, but from this little knowledge I am justified in adding my quota to the universal expression of regret.

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES HARCOURT,

Who died on Oct. 27, 1880.

"The good die first;
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn in the socket."—Wordsworth.

One story will be sufficient to testify to Charles Harcourt's simple-mindedness and goodness of heart. Not many months ago, when playing in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Brighton, he on several occasions refused the offer of pleasant trips with his brother actors in order to take the children who were engaged in the piece for a day in the country at his own expense. "Don't let them think that all this spouting about the beauties of Nature is talk and nothing else. Let them feel it for themselves"—were his words.

ALMAVIVA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Compelled by circumstances to leave Exeter Hall, this old society will open its forty-ninth season in St James's Hall on Friday week, Dec. 3. The change of place involves other transformations much more serious. Hitherto the society has had a speciality in the enormous power of its big band, chorus, and organ, and in the impressive style with which it gave Handel's music. Henceforth, its executants will be a detachment rather than an army, and dependence must be placed upon other qualities. We hope and trust that the new conditions will be met—that Sir Michael Costa, who retains his post, will secure performances distinguished by finish if not by great sonority, and that the programme will have an interest and variety not considered necessary in Exeter Hall. On this head the selections for the opening concert are assuring. Amateurs can desire nothing better in quality or in contrast than Beethoven's First Mass, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," and "Christus." Let us hope that this promise may be sustained, and that success will mark the new era upon which the society is about to enter.

BISHENDEN "ENCORE."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Last week I sent you a few particulars of a concert, which I copied from the *Bucks Herald*. I did so because many London people who took an interest in my success at the concert would like to know the particulars, and as they would not be able to see the county papers, I therefore sent it to the popular *Musical World*, which I knew they would read. To show that I have not exaggerated the account, I enclose an extract from the *Bucks Herald* of Nov. 13th, 1880. I shall feel obliged if you will kindly give this letter the same prominence you did your remarks last week. Uncharitable people, who refuse to believe what they read of my singing, are welcome to come to my studio, 16, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W. (where I have been for the last twelve years), when I shall be happy to sing to them selections from oratorios, operas, or songs; if they will not then believe their own ears, those organs must be longer than those worn by sensible people. I know perfectly well that you are not anxious as to my future career (to quote your remarks); nevertheless, as I have managed to get on up to the present, you need express no "anxiety" concerning the remainder of my life. There are none so blind as those who will not hear. (None so deaf as those who will not see.—Dr Blüthner.)

"The *Bucks Herald*, Nov. 13, 1880, says:—'The chief attraction of the concert (held at the Town Hall, Chesham, under the patronage of Lord Chesham, &c.) was Mr Bishenden, who is a great favourite. He has a fine voice, which he uses with judgment and taste. He was (as always) most cordially received by a numerous audience, and his singing of "The Mermaid" evoked such enthusiasm that he sang "Hearts of Oak" as an encore.'

You are at liberty to ask the Chesham Club (which gave the concert) if the enclosed report is a faithful report or not.—Yours, &c.,
CH. J. BISHENDEN.

(Author of "How to Sing," "The Voice, and how to use it," &c.)

We have no time to ask the Chesham Club anything whatever, but look with reverence towards the *Bucks Herald*, and, while unable to call at 16, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., where Mr Bishenden has resided for the last twelve years, feel deep anxiety for the remainder of his life. If Mr Bishenden died early we should be sorry; if he died long hence we should be glad; but if he died not at all we should be gladder; for "immortals" are getting more and more scarce. At all events, while in the flesh, we shall watch with interest his future career. All this, however, must be left to the sober consideration of the *Bucks Herald*. Otto Heard.

A BADEN-BADEN CONCERT FAMILIARLY DESCRIBED

The ecstasy of some people when they speak of *al fresco* entertainments generally, and Baden-Baden concerts in particular, to say the least of it, is embarrassing. Perhaps they recall Campbell's well-known lines:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and Baden-Baden round the corner would meet with a more qualified approval. I had so frequently heard of the charm of these meetings in the open air, not only from those who had visited the place, but from glowing newspaper paragraphs that the words "enchanting," "fairy-like" somehow came to be associated in my mind with these assemblies. I had heard that the music played in the Kiosk was perfection, the promenade delightful, and the whole thing a scene of intoxicating revelry.

When Baden-Baden was a very naughty place, and visited by very naughty people, we have plenty of evidence to prove that it had its peculiar attractions, and these have been so eloquently described that I don't think anyone would thank me if I tried to re-paint an old picture. I want more particularly to speak of Baden-Baden the sedate, the demure, the Baden-Baden of the present day, and specially to note its musical attractions.

He must indeed be a barbarian who cannot enjoy its lovely walks, its salubrious atmosphere, and its hundred healthy substantial charms. All this I allow, but these are its daylight amusements, and I would speak of its evening attractions, its *al fresco* concerts, its lamp-lit promenades, and its lovers' seats. I would write of its thousands of cane-bottom chairs, its hundreds

of street-lamps, and its interminable winding walks, stretching out like a gigantic tea-garden. I would visit its restaurant, drink of its questionable coffee, smoke its bad cigars, and occasionally indulge in its raw ham-sandwiches. Baden-Baden is indeed now demure—she is more, she is shy. Walk through the splendid rooms of the "Conversationhaus" you will hear nothing but your own foot-fall. Try and conjure up the perturbed ghosts that perhaps look down upon the scene of their destruction; the gambling tables are empty, and the very air of the rooms has a vault-like odour, and you half expect to see a mildew gathering on its neglected walls. But something still remains for those who do not care about perpetually walking like *Vathek* through these halls of Eblis. It has its celebrated orchestra, and we have come expecting to hear a grand concert. Our landlord has prepared us for a treat, and who does not know M. Grosholz of the Victoria. Besides the "Badoblat" has a startling announcement in large type, "Grosses Solisten-Concert des Städtischen Orchesters," under the direction of Kapellmeister M. Kennemann, and Herr Kennemann had written a grand symphony (so it was named to me) for the occasion, called *Der Fremersberg*. Great interest was exhibited by the inhabitants and the visitors; and the members of the orchestra regarded it as a work of some pretensions. Let me try and describe this novelty. It was divided into four parts, the first opening with a chorus of Huntsmen a long way off, who, not content with remaining at a distance, soon engaged the attention of every member of the orchestra. This after a good many modulations lapsed into a Tyrolese waltz, and so brought the first part to an end. The second seemed to be a kind of Shepherd's Festival, for the oboe had a long solo; and then came a chorus with a good many horn passages in it. It was called in the programme *Landliche-scene*, but it can hardly be said to have come tranquilly to a conclusion, and the listener felt convinced that a storm was brewing, which proved to be correct, for no sooner had the third part commenced with the waltz movement of the first part than it was interrupted by a burst of the most startling character. I have heard a good many storms illustrated by music, but they have been mere tea-cup convulsions when compared with this commotion. Not only did the conductor keep his instruments hard at work, but he introduced a lively accompaniment of theatrical wind and pea-pattering rain. The lightning was rather vague, but the thunder made up for it and seemed to shake the very Kiosk. I was only delighted when it somewhat abated and a full peal of church bells chimed out their thankfulness. But the storm was not fully vanquished until the fourth part commenced, without a pause, and human voices in conjunction with the orchestra burst into a grand "Te Deum!"

So came to a conclusion a work that had not only exhausted the members of the orchestra, but the patience of some of the audience also, who, remembering a celebrated "Pastoral," asked themselves whether the present work was intended as a burlesque. M. Kennemann might repeat the words of an obscure symphony writer, who, after waiting ten years, got one of his works produced and remarked that, "When it was finished the audience said they were delighted." PHOSPHOR.

NEWS FROM LONDON.—Parisians are exceedingly well informed on all foreign matters. The *Figaro*-programme tells them that Mr Henry Harving receives applause and guineas with the *Corican's Brothers*; that Mr Augustine Harris possesses a success in *le Nord*; that the Criterion has played for more than a year in the *Suchs Betzy*; and that a second *Ours Eoys* has been found by the Vaudeville.—(Punch).

F. GERNSEIM, the well-known and highly esteemed professor at Berlin, has composed a violin concerto, of which the *Leipsic Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* speaks in terms of unqualified praise. It was first performed at Hamburg, with great success, by M. Sauret, and has since, with no less approval, been introduced by the same violinist at Kiel, Lubeck, Posen, Wiesbaden and other towns. The concerto has also been played by Herr Becker (formerly of the Monday Popular Concerts, since then, leader of the "Florentine Quartet") at the Leipsic Gewandhaus. It will be heard for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace Concert of December 18th, when we hope to be able to endorse the favourable opinion of the *Leipsic Musik-Zeitung*.

NEW WAGNER EXCITEMENT.

We translate the following from a Würzburg journal, and recommend to the attention of Alfred Watson, Esq., of Bamberg (1876):—

Die Hochzeit, one of Wagner's earliest productions, has been affording comfortable employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. In 1834, Wagner dedicated the work to the Musical Association here, and it got into the possession of the Secretary for ready money paid by him for the Association, which became bankrupt. At the Secretary's death, his heirs offered Herr Röser, a musical publisher, the music left by the deceased gentleman, and Herr Röser purchased among other things *Die Hochzeit* for 8 florins, afterwards disposing of it to his son and successor for 300 florins, Wagner being then better known, and his compositions increased proportionately in value. A year ago, Herr Röser, Junr., inserted a notice in a weekly musical periodical, stating the MS. was for sale, and some one representing the composer offered 150 marks for it, a sum which the would-be vendor refused. Wagner then moved for an order to prohibit its publication, and, after many delays, the case has just been decided against him. He has had to pay heavy costs, but will most probably appeal.

We hope Wagner's appeal will be successful. Talk of the "hungry contrapuntists"! What are they in comparison with the "gentlemen of the long robe"?

MIDLE JANOTHA gave a pianoforte recital, in St James's Hall, on Wednesday. Her programme included the so-called "Pastoral Sonata" and Variations in C major of Beethoven, together with selections from J. S. Bach and Chopin. She played admirably throughout, and was applauded according to her deserts. (See elsewhere).

POPULAR CONCERTS.—On Monday last Mr Arthur Chappell met the wishes of those who desired to hear more of Mozart's Serenades for wind instruments by bringing forward that in C minor, for two oboes, and a like number of clarinets, horns, and bassoons, the performers being the same as were recently engaged in the production of the companion work in E flat. Hardly so much interest was excited in this case, because the "C minor" has been heard before, and many know it by Mozart's own arrangement for a quintet of strings. But if the audience found less novelty they experienced equal pleasure. The charming music, so beautifully "coloured" by the varied timbre of the instruments, came as a delight from first to last, meeting with hearty and unanimous appreciation. The event of the evening, however, was the first appearance of Mr Eugene D'Albert, the gifted pupil of the National Training School for Music, about whom so much has been said and so many hopes expressed in artistic circles. Mr D'Albert, it may here be stated, is the son of the well-known composer of dance music, and as a composer, though in a higher capacity, he in turn aspires to make his mark. To this end, he has profited by the instruction of Mr Arthur Sullivan—how far profited will, perhaps, soon be shown at the Crystal Palace by the production of a concerto from his pen. The young artist's master for the pianoforte is, if we do not mistake, Herr Paue, who has every reason to feel more than common joy in his pupil. Mr D'Albert, it will be remembered, made his first public appearance last year at a concert given in connection with the Training School. He played brilliantly then, but the ordeal through which he passed on Monday was most serious for so young a beginner. Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* are things from which even a veteran might shrink without incurring the charge of cowardice, but Mr D'Albert's boldness was justified by the result. We shall not now enter upon a detailed criticism of his style. That must come after further observation and larger experience. Enough that Mr D'Albert showed qualities on Monday night—qualities of tone, touch, manipulation, and artistic expression—that make possible to him the highest eminence. This fact the audience promptly recognized, calling the young pianist twice to the platform and overwhelming him with applause, in response to which he played one of the most difficult of Chopin's *Etudes* (in A minor). Mr D'Albert subsequently took part with Signor Piatti in Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for piano and violin. Here, too, his remarkable abilities were conspicuous. Henceforth, the responsibility of the young man will be great, since "to whom much is given, of him much shall be required." Mme Leonora Braham, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Zerbins, sang Sullivan's "Orpheus" and Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied" in a pleasing manner.—D. T.

A NEWSPAPER LETTER.

(To the Editor of the "Malvern News.")

Sir,—I send you the following letter, thinking it may amuse many of your numerous readers. Yours,

GAMMA.

"Dear Freeman,—You asked me to write you a *News Letter*, and now I take up my Pen to comply with your request. The *Joke* is, I had been every *Hour* wishing to *Record* my feelings for an *Englishman*, since the day we first met; but my *Guardian*, who is very *Graphic*, full of *Fun* and a close *Observer* of *Funny Folks*, has told me to keep my *Hand* and *Heart* quiet, till the *Sun* is higher in *Public Opinion*. At present he has a *Press* of matters, and is compelled to *Despatch* a *Messenger* as well as a *Telegraph* to the *Daily News* and the *Morning Post*. With the *Times* he is a *Friend*, and though the *Financier's Chronicle* favoured him with *Money*, he expects to be in the *Gazette* unless the *Bullionist* comes to his aid with more. Should he come to pieces on this *Rock*, in this *Christian Age*, he will call upon you as a *Referee*; but he hopes the *Malvern News* will not be a *Spectator* to *Echo* the circumstances all over the *Empire*, the *Colonies*, and the *Globe*. He believes his enemy is the *Design* and *Work* of a *Draper*, a great *Economist*, not a *Statesman*, nor a *Statist*; but a writer for *Land* and *Water*, and a *Reporter* for the *Tablet*, and occasionally for the *Irish Times*; and though the *Peterhead Sentinel* thinks he is a *Stirling Observer*, the *Glasgow Citizen* has sent him to the *Lancet* for *Life*. Should he return with *Home News*, and I get the *Money*, he will allow his *Accountant* to employ *Capital* and *Labour* in the *Contract Journal* or the *Commercial Gazette*. If this should come to pass you shall be my *Courier* to the *Magnet* of the *Truth* which I *Mirror* in this *Brief Letter*. When that happens, *Bow Bells* shall ring joyously, and the sound of our *Wedding Bells* will not be far off. Then shall the *Fountain* of our hearts be open, and we shall be a *Freemason* to each other. We can then sit in our *Garden*, with no one to *Record* our *tête-à-tête*; walk in the *Field*, or *Country*, without a chance of our being taken off by *Punch* or *Judy*; read the *Young Ladies' Journal*; *Express* our feelings towards the *Queen*; enjoy our *Musical World*; *Sketch* scenes from *Nature*; and acknowledge that our *Mayfair* is the very *World of Fashion* most suited to our tastes. To-day, my *Teacher*, I hope you will not look upon this as *Moonshine*, nor regard me as a *Methodist*, *Watchman*, or *Vanity Fair*, but that I have been the *Architect* of my fortune. I am, your own,

Advertiser.

Malvern News, Oct. 30th, 1880.

MME ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, the eminent Russian pianist, has been playing with distinguished success at the Singacademie, Berlin.

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG.—This young Russian pianist appeared at the Academy of Music last evening in the presence of a large and critical audience. He played a concerto by Scharwenka, three "Pictures of Norwegian Life" by Grieg, and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole." Of these, the Grieg selections gave the best satisfaction, and were warmly applauded. Mr Sternberg is a thorough artist and musician, and gives entire satisfaction in his work. Those who went to listen to a sensationalist were disappointed, but they heard what was better, a refined and intelligent artist. Mr Sternberg played on a splendidly-toned Weber piano, and had the assistance of a good orchestra, under Gotthold Carlberg.—New York "Evening Express."

BERLIN.—Extremes meet and the antiquity of yesterday becomes the novelty of to-day. The management of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, having come upon an old and forgotten trifle, a short piece interspersed with songs, by Herold, and entitled in German *Der Tausch*, have produced it with satisfactory results. The public seem to consider it as good as new. There is not much in the book, but the music is fresh and pleasing.—Mme Annette Essipoff gave a concert on the 13th inst. The first-class audience which filled the large room of the Singacademie bore testimony to the favourable impression created on her former visit. The leading features in her programme were Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata"; Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses"; and a Scherzo in C sharp major, by Reinecke. Mme Essipoff also took part with her husband, Herr Leschitzki, in a pianoforte duet, also by Reinecke, on motives from Schumann's *Manfred*.

AN EVENING WITH OTTO NICOLAI.*

It was a cold, wet evening, in June, 1846, at Vienna. Before the Theater an der Wien stood a considerable number of people undecided what to do; a poster announced that, on account of certain obstacles, the opera advertised could not be performed, and that the theatre would remain closed. My friend, Marchion (who has now celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, but was then a favourite singer in light operatic pieces at the Carl-Theater, Vienna), and I had had a long walk from the Schmeltzasse in the Leopoldstadt and, like the rest, had taken all our trouble for nothing. While we were debating what we should do in such raw, rainy weather, Otto Nicolai, the highly esteemed *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse, came up. He, too, had meant to attend the performance at the Theater an der Wien, and, after we had informed him of the state of the case, turned back with us. I was exceedingly pleased to meet him again, not having seen him for many years; I had been for a long time intending to call on him. When I first made his acquaintance, I was a boy of thirteen in the third form of the Grey Cloister Gymnasium, Berlin, and he was studying music under Zelter. Our Professor, Emil Fischer (died in 1841), devoted unusual love and care to his first singing class, and I enjoyed the distinction of being his private pupil and solo soprano. Every Thursday, from five to six, the more advanced students had an opportunity of practising with accompaniment of a small orchestra; Barnowitz, Royal Chamber-Musician, as first violin, Hahneman as violoncellist, Schechte as double-bass, &c., gave their services on such occasions. As Professor Fischer was a friend of Zelter's and a member of the latter's Sing-Academie, many of Zelter's pupils took part in our extra singing-class. Among them was Otto Nicolai, who possessed a strong bass voice—though, owing to its palatal character, not so pleasing as it would otherwise have been—and who was a very correct and sure singer. I met him, likewise, frequently at evening parties in the house of our kindly family physician, Dr Rintel, a son-in-law of Zelter's, and we sang many a duet together out of Handel's oratorios. More than a decennium had elapsed since then. During his long sojourn in Italy, Nicolai had made a name by his operas, cantatas, and overtures—and as I had an opportunity of convincing myself in Vienna—was one of the best conductors I had ever come across; he did justice in like admirable fashion both to vocal and instrumental compositions, and thus was enabled to establish sure relations between the artists on the stage and the orchestra. His tempi were inspired with fire and life, and gave evidence in German as well as Italian works of a delicate intelligence; he was able, moreover—as a result of his vocal studies—to follow the singers in a marvellous manner, and not interfere with the nice gradations in their performance. Thus, nothing could have been more agreeable than for him to turn up so unexpectedly, and, remembering our former connection in a most friendly fashion, to exclaim forthwith: "If it suits you, we will spend the evening together, and, as the weather is too raw for us to stop out of doors, I propose that we go to my place. I will make tea; I have two or three bottles of wine at home, so we will have a chat and a little music." "Bravissimo!" we replied, taking his outstretched hands.

Shortly afterwards we were comfortably installed in his room. The tea-pot was steaming away, and, in reply to my questions, he began telling us about his experiences in Italy and showing us his rich library, which really contained treasures—especially in old Italian sacred music. On his speaking of what he had done, and referring to his operas, he was evidently delighted at my having it in my power to tell him that his *Templario* had recently been performed with the most satisfactory result by the Italians at the Königstädtisches Theater, Berlin. My musical memory, always to be relied on, enabled me to give complete answers to all his enquiries regarding various pieces in the opera. Suddenly, however, he started on my mentioning a cabaletta in the first act which was so much liked that Borioni, the tenor, had at once to repeat it. "With all respect for your memory," he said excitedly, "this time you are wrong." "No," I replied, "I am quite sure of what I say." With these words, I sat down to the piano and sang the

cabaletta. Nicolai burst into a loud laugh, paced quickly up and down the room, and at last exclaimed: "That is charming! I know the air well enough. It was extraordinarily successful in Italy, and on that account interpolated by the tenor. It is not mine, however, but Verdi's."

The mistake naturally occasioned general hilarity. He had taken us to the piano, and, at my request, we tried a number of Nicolai's compositions. Marchion sang songs and joined us in pieces from operas, especially *Die Heimkehr des Verbannten*, which had been very favourably received in Vienna, but—in consequence probably of the uninteresting libretto—had not found its way elsewhere. "Why," he said interrupting our performance, "do you not write more operas? Your ability to do so is undeniable, and there are few German musicians who understand writing for the voice as you do." "That," replied Nicolai, "is one of the best things I learned in Italy. I am, however, busy on a new opera, the book of which has been written for me, from Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* by that experienced dramatist, Mosenthal." "Oh!" I immediately exclaimed, "show us something from it, if the request is not an unreasonable one." "Not at all, but I have not much to show. There is only one piece finished; that, however, we can try over."

Thus speaking, he brought out a sketch, the first number in the opera, the opening duet of the two women. He accompanied, and at the same time sang in his deep bass the part of Frau Reich (Mrs Page), while I executed in falsetto that of Frau Fluth (Mrs Ford). I probably was the first Mrs Ford who ever sang in the duet. Marchion, like myself, was so enthusiastic about the dramatic life in it that we repeated it several times, and predicted that the opera would prove a great success, if all the rest were as happy as what we had heard. "May your prediction," exclaimed Nicolai with delight, "be not merely due to friendship, and your prediction turn out true!" We did not separate till late. On our way home, we still kept humming the melodies of the duet, and felt grateful that the opera at the Theater an der Wien had been postponed, because we had thereby enjoyed such a pleasurable evening.

Nicolai was unfortunately not destined to see the brilliant success of his work. Some few years afterwards, he was appointed conductor of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. Here, too, he soon found his rare talent at the head of an orchestra thoroughly appreciated. I often visited him, of course. The last time I did so was at the beginning of May, 1849, before going to Hamburg, for the purpose of seeing my piece interspersed with songs, *Die Kunst geliebt zu werden* at the Thalia-Theater, where it was received with much favour. There, in the midst of all my delight, I learned from the papers Nicolai's sudden death from apoplexy.

Strangely enough, I was fated still to be connected in a special manner with Nicolai's opera. As far back as 1863—when she made a sensation in the part of Mrs Ford, and always interpolated something or other in the last act—I conceived the notion of writing for the genial Pauline Lucca an air musically connected with the opera. Thus, there arose the song, "Sehnsucht" (Op. 101, published by Bote and Bock), for which I used as burden the spirited second motive, so unwillingly missed in the opera, from the *allegro* of the overture. It did not answer its purpose, because—as was subsequently evident to me when I became personally acquainted with the artist—it did not lie well for her voice. Pauline Lucca shared my opinion, however, with regard to an interpolation, as the part of Mrs Ford is in the third act very inferior musically to what it is in the first two acts, and, in the autumn of 1869, I wrote her, at her own especial request, my Op. 108, the history of which I related circumstantially in the March number, 1873, of the *Gartenlaube*. Pauline Lucca sang it as Mrs Ford for the first time on the 29th Nov., 1869, and, thanks to her incomparable execution, it was so successful that from that date to the present day it has constituted an integral part of her performance.

My Vienna prediction has been brilliantly fulfilled. For thirty years, Nicolai's work has been one of the few German operas which has obtained right of citizenship and permanently held its ground in all the theatres of Germany, as well as in many abroad. It ensures the composer, who died unfortunately so young, an honourable name.

FERDINAND GUMBERT.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1880,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Ottet in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon (Schubert)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Lazarus, Wendland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Song, "The Willow Song" (Sullivan)—Miss Marion McKenzie; Barcarolle, in F sharp major, Op. 60, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mlle Janotha.

PART II.—Saltarelle, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Molière)—Herr Straus; Song, "Golden Slumbers" (Old English)—Miss Marion McKenzie; Trio, in C major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mlle Janotha, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

THIRD AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 (dedicated to Count Rasonowsky), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Handel)—Miss Thorndike; Three Sonatas, for pianoforte alone (Scriabin)—Mlle Janotha; Song, "The Worker" (Gounod)—Miss Thorndike; Sonata, in D major, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—Mlle Janotha and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR PIATTI by FRANK HOLL, A.R.A. Engraved by FRANCIS HOLL. Artist's Proofs, with Autograph of Signor Piatti, £3 3s.; Proofs before Letters, £2 2s.; Plain Impressions, £1 1s. Proof Engravings to be seen at Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons, 394, Old Bond Street (the Publishers); and Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; where Subscribers' names will be received.

MDME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectuses of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

DEATH.

On November 19th, at Turnham Green, WILLIAM LAMB, organist of St Mary's, Acton, aged 38.

ERRATA.—For "Eutopia," read Utopia. For "Yah wohl," read Ja wohl.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

TO MY MISTRESS.*

As when the sun is hid from view
The world in tears is seen,
So were my soul deprived of you,
My sorrow were as keen.
Nay, more—although the wane of love—
Devotion were as strong,
No morrow's anguish fear could move,
I could not live so long.

The flowers, when their lord doth reign,
Live all their lives to him,
But when his kind caresses wane
Their beauties waste and dim.
Give me thy love—I'd yield my breath,
In grave would lay me down!
For me thy smile is Life in Death,
And Death in Life thy frown.

* Copyright.

LESSER EGG.

DIOGENES LOQUITUR.*

How strange the thoughts that rise in him
Who looks upon his fellows
As organisms worked by steam
And acted on by bellows!
Man thinks each little artful move
Is purely his invention—
Poor fool!—when of the powers above
For worlds 'twas the intention.

Will not the puppet's vanity
Confess he's but an actor,
In sum of all humanity
An unimportant factor?
Will never man, himself to know,
Believe his inward mentor?
The world's a circle; being so,
Each thinks himself the centre.

LESSER EGG.

* Copyright.

HANS RICHTER.

THE subjoined estimate of Herr Richter as an orchestral conductor, from the Vienna *Fremden-Blatt* of the 13th inst., will astonish many and anger not a few, both in England and abroad:—



"The Philharmonics opened the musical season, and were immediately followed by a rush of other concerts. We must already go back up stream, if we would reach the fountain-head of the movement. The opening piece at the first Philharmonic was Weber's *Oberon* overture, played in an outwardly brilliant manner. At the end of the programme stood Beethoven's *Eroica*. We have heard it better played in Vienna even under Dessoff, but immeasurably so under Herbeck and Richard Wagner. Herr Richter is a conductor totally devoid of temperament and cleverness. Possessing no temperament, he fancies he is full of fire when he is simply tearing along, and as—always speaking musically—he is without cleverness, he thinks himself clever when he reproduces a fine passage in a distorted form. Thus he pelted through the weighty first movement of the Symphony and forced the Scherzo, till in the Trio the horns, unable to keep up with him, let him hurry on by himself. Yet, at a musically better period, Herr Richter was himself a horn-player, and ought to know what the horn is capable, and what it is incapable, of doing. Mere virtuosity, especially when by exaggeration it refutes and destroys itself, should not try to have its little show-off on classical compositions; for such a purpose there are plenty of other things. In Sebastian Bach's Concerto for Two Horns, three Oboes, Bassoon, Concertante Violin, and Stringed Quartet with Double Bass, the wind-instrumentalists played remarkably well, but, on the whole, there was so much uncertainty and indistinctness, that the audience could not possibly enjoy the performance throughout. It was not under the circumstances astonishing that the work, in many respects so magnificent, left the public somewhat indifferent. Justice requires that it should be repeated in a more satisfactory manner."

The familiar signature, "S P." shows that the article comes from the pen of Herr Ludwig Spidel, one of the most noted among Viennese critics on music. What next? Is the world coming to an end?

Otto Heard.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr Charles Hallé and Mr Walter Macfarren have resigned their seats in the direction of the Philharmonic Society, the latter also resigning the hon. treasurership.

SARAH BERNHARDT ON A NEW YORK STAGE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SARAH A WONDERFUL ARTIST BUT NOT A GENIUS.

Sarah Bernhardt is a wonderful actress. That seems to be the verdict at which our local critics have arrived after hearing her in *Adrienne* last night. Her genius is a matter of question; she failed to take the audience off its feet, to make it howl with delight and stamp with approbation; therefore, her genius is questioned. [Good.—Dr Blügel.] Modjeska, who has played the same part here, is rated higher in it than Bernhardt by general consent.

ONE HUNDRED CRITICS.

Some of our critics—they were at Booth's Theatre last night to the number of about ONE HUNDRED—mention Seebach as having surpassed Bernhardt's *Adrienne*; others refer to her [Seebach?—Dr Blügel] as a sublimated Clara Morris, a young woman possessed of

LURID STRENGTH—ARTICLE 47.

of vast resources in the way of picturing animal passion and lurid strength—Article Forty-seven, the unhealthy creation of Belot, being, as a rule, the vehicle for these exhibitions. Others, again

DEFERRING JUDGMENT.

think that Bernhardt showed vast aptitude for anything except *Adrienne*, and defer judgment till later. [How could Sarah Bernhardt while impersonating *Adrienne Lecouvreur* show "more aptitude for anything except *Adrienne*?"—Dr Blügel.]

Before giving you my own impressions, which, of course, are only worth listening to as showing Bernhardt's results as contrasted with actresses who have flitted across the American stage before her, perhaps I would do well to mention the most salient paragraphs devoted to her this morning by the New York press. ["Bernhardt's results contrasted with actresses" is supreme.—Dr Blügel.]

The *Tribune* says:—

"Her power is beyond all doubt, the magnetic force and fascination of a nature genially fired by EMOTION and a nervous system sensitive to every passing wave of EMOTION (!); but it is the genius of a woman who is strange rather than great, bizarre rather than glorious, portentous rather than overwhelming. Her art is the flute, and not the organ."

"Sublime without whiskers and melancholy without a white waistcoat."—*Leigh Hunt*. "Dazzling rather than obsequious, pensive rather than short-sighted, slender rather than ante-diluvian."—*Simcock House*. "Her art is the flute, not the organ." If the flute it can't be the organ. *Cela va sans dire*. Perhaps our worthy correspondent means flute-stop:—in which case (organic) it would be the most mellifluous stop on the unwieldiest of instruments.—*Paul Moist*.

"The handling of the instrument is superb. She may not be a great woman; we do not think she is, and we have seen actresses whom our individual taste would prefer; but she is a wonderful person; she exerts a thrilling power; she is accomplished in the theatric 'finesse'; and within a certain field, which seems to be limited to sentimental realism, she is a great actress."

The *Times* says:—

"Mlle Bernhardt displayed very great tragic power and inspiration; that either in power or in passion she exhibited any degree of supreme mastery, we are (Qy.) prepared to admit; that she proved herself by this first performance to be an artist of a very rare type, a woman with a style of her own; an actress amply gifted in some respects—all this is beyond question. She is, in all likelihood, a woman of extraordinary talent rather than a woman of genius; but she is undoubtedly a great artist."

In another place the same journal characterises her as "frail, original and erratic."

THE SEVERITY OF "THE WORLD."

The *World* is more severe than its contemporaries. It speaks of her first appearance as a comparative failure, a disappointment.

UNANIMOUS ADMISSION OF THE "100."

All our newspapers admit, however, the superb diction, the admirable voice, the good schooling—everything except the divine fire. [What is that, old oss?—Dr Blügel.]

The audience was the finest that has assembled in this city for

years. Every seat had been sold before yesterday. A few were to be had from side walk speculators, who asked twenty dollars for their best seats and five for their worst, and these last were so bad that the occupant ran the risk of getting asphyxiated by bad air for the sake of catching a distant glimpse of the stage. About a thousand persons stood up all the evening. The first act failed to excite anything like interest. *Adrienne's* entrance, in the second, was so unexpectedly and artfully quiet that the house was disappointed.

SHE SHOULD HAVE COME ON LIKE A FURY.

The welcome was not very warm, and Bernhardt's almost imperceptible acknowledgment of it was taken by many persons in the audience as a bit of *hauteur* to be resented. "*Les deux pigeons*" was so admirably recited that the house applauded almost in spite of itself. The scene in Mlle Duclos's villa was disappointing, Modjeska having taught the New York audience to expect more sound and fury. ["Signifying nothing."—Dr Blügel.] That in De Bouillon's house went better, the quotation from *Phèdre* making a powerful impression, and the exit being the gem of the act. The last was her real triumph; she "carried the house with her," as the saying is. There is but one criticism which is made upon this death scene, and that is, that Bernhardt uses the tremolo to excess. [She never uses it at all.—Dr Blügel.]

After the fall of the curtain the re-calls and flowers knew no end, and there followed a serenade at Bernhardt's hotel. * * * Throughout the evening Mlle Bernhardt's nervousness was noticeable; she had rehearsed for thirteen hours during the day, and went on the stage exhausted. As New York sets the fashion for the rest of the country, New York's verdict is of vast importance to actors and managers. After each act Bernhardt implored Abbey to tell her how the public liked it; she had her misgivings, and doubtless they affected the performance. It is possible that a complete change of newspaper opinion [*Me Hercule!*—Dr Blügel.] may take place after *Frou-Frou* and *Phèdre*.

The excitement over Bernhardt has by no means diminished since I wrote ten days ago. All the newspapers have detailed special reporters to follow in her footsteps and give a sort of Bernhardt calendar.

THE RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

The religious press have, on the other hand, lost their heads and taken to calling names with a vengeance. The *Independent* *Dependent*, implores the women of America to mark their disapproval of Sarah's eccentricities by "empty seats in the play house." From the appearance of Booth's Theatre last night the *Independent* was too late in its appeal. The *Methodist* * * * [talks a quantity of miserable twaddle with which we decline to disfigure our pages.—Dr Blügel.] * * * Mlle Bernhardt has already been received into the best society of this city and has more invitations to dinner parties than she can fill in a month.

P.S.—Mr Mapleson's operatic performances have been smooth of late and profitable. Campanini and Miss Cary have recovered. *Aida* was brought out last week with Valleria in the title rôle, Campanini, Galassi, and Cary. Gerster has been singing in *Linda*, *Rigoletto*, and last night in *La Traviata*, with fair success. Marie Roze has begun in Boston with a good performance of *Aida* in English, our poet, Longfellow, leading the applause.

HAVVY.

New York, November 9th, 1880.

THE programme of Mr F. H. Cowen's second Saturday Orchestral Concert, at St James's Hall, this evening, contains from his own pen six short pieces for orchestra, bearing the title of *The Language of the Flowers*.—This sounds well.

MR MAPLESON'S new venture with Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, New York, which began brilliantly, and then languished, is now, if the local journals may be credited, reviving, so much so as to give promise of a successful season, notwithstanding the formidable concurrence of Mlle Sarah Bernhardt at Booth's Theatre.

MR JAMES WATERSON, late Band Master of the 1st Life Guards, has gone to Simla to organise a military band for the Governor General of India. One more competent for that position than Mr Waterson. (who, by the way, was born in India) could not have been selected.

CONCERT.

THE festival of *St Cecilia* was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory on Sunday afternoon. It comprised a quartet and chorus, "Ave, Maria," and an "Elegie" for the harp, both composed by Mr Oberthür; a duet from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto* ("Parlar Spiegat"); a "Paternoster" by Cherubini; a duet for harp and organ by Oberthür; an *aria* with chorus, from Handel's *Susanna*; and a psalm, "Exaudi Deus," with harp and organ accompaniment by Oberthür. The singers were Herr Küster, Mr J. H. Pearson, and the choir of the Oratory; the instrumentalists, Mr Oberthür and Mr Pitts (organ). Between the parts a sermon was delivered by His Eminence, the Roman Catholic Cardinal Archbishop.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—No inclemency of weather could keep people away from the Exhibition Palace with such a treat in store as that which last evening brought together an audience crowding the hall in every part, even the orchestra seats being brought into requisition. Tickets having been generally taken beforehand, there was an attendance much larger than is usually seen even at the most attractive musical entertainments in the Exhibition Palace. Nor was the concert unworthy of the patronage. Not often do we find so many artists of high repute united in the same company. Mme Alban, possibly the most sympathetic actress—witness her Margherita and Elsa—on the lyric stage, has made only short acquaintance with the Dublin public. A brief opera season, in which she played on alternate nights, and sung at two concerts, was the only opportunity given her of finding a way to the hearts of music-lovers in Ireland, but this was quite enough to gain her a popularity amply evidenced by the cordial way in which she was last evening received. There is small room for criticism when one has to deal with the performances of this most charming artist, who has so gallantly won her way, by sheer dint of talent and honest industry, to the forefront of her profession. Her exquisite voice, marked by a curious touching power which belongs to nature, not to art, stirs one by its natural sweetness, while it commands the admiration of the most exacting critic by its perfect cultivation. In her first song, "Sovenir di mei primi anni," (Herold), the perfection of true *cantabile* singing and facile execution were combined. Her phrasing was unexceptionable, so also were her passages and scales, while the high notes were taken with exceeding truth and brilliancy. In precisely the same way we should describe her rendering of the familiar *cavatina* from *Linda*, "O Luce di quest' anima," which she gave with exquisite grace and facility. She also sang "The Meeting of the Waters" most delicately, her selection of the national melody being very appropriate to the occasion. In each of her solos she was encored. In response to the first she repeated the *cabaletta*; for the second she substituted "Robin Adair;" for the third she simply and gracefully bowed her acknowledgments. It is to be hoped we may soon hear this great vocalist in opera. Mme Trebelli, for whom Dublin people seem to have a special affection, had a very warm greeting, and was deservedly applauded after each of her songs, the first of which was "Che faro senza Eurydice," which she rendered with consummate taste. In response to the encore for Mr Cowen's "Regret," she gave a beautiful rendering of "Marguerite." Mme Trebelli also sang the gavotte from *Mignon* and Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne." Mr McGuckin, of whom Irishmen are justly proud, fully upholds the position he has gained among English tenors. He sang last night with great effect, and was cordially applauded throughout. His contributions were "The voice of my love," a new song by Pinsuti, and "When other lips," in both of which he showed great feeling and delicacy. Mr Thurely Beale gave Sullivan's "If doughty deeds," Gounod's "Nazareth," Stephen Adam's "Midshipmite," and "The Three Sailors." This young artist daily makes progress. M. Ovide Musin, by no means unknown in Dublin, was very successful in his violin solos,—"Sovenir de Moskova," a "Berceuse" by Faure, a mazurka of his own composition, and the *Carnaval de Venise* (for encore). Finally Mr Kuhe amply maintained his reputation as a pianist by his splendid playing of the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Liszt), a *nocturne* by Chopin, and "Les Ailes" of Blumenthal. On Saturday a morning concert was given by this admirable company.—*Dublin Irish Times*, November 19.

DEVONPORT.—The *Western Morning News* informs us that Mr and Mrs Frith gave, at the Devonport Mechanics' Institution, a musical entertainment of more than ordinary interest. The singers were Miss Muriel Wood (soprano), Mr Alfred Moore (tenor), and Mme Frith, former pupil at the Royal Academy under Professor Goldberg (contralto). A cordial greeting was awarded to Mme Frith, who received several encores, to two of which she responded. Mr Edwin Frith (bass) gave "Honour and Arms," from *Samson*, with

much spirit. Mr Arthur L'Estrange, in a fantasia on "Alice, where art thou?," also earned well-merited applause. The concert gave general satisfaction.

ROCHDALE.—The *Rochdale Observer*, in speaking of the fourth annual concert of the Orpheus Glee Club, says:

"Miss Bessie Holt (soprano), from the Royal Academy of Music, pupil of Professor Goldberg, is one of several musicians of whom the hills and valleys surrounding Rawtenstall have had reason to be proud. Her delivery of "Beloved again" put the audience at once in good humour, and she was even more successful with Weber's "Softly sighs," being recalled after which, she substituted the pretty ballad, "Nothing else to do." Miss Jessie Rosse gave several songs, her chief success being obtained in Henry Smart's ever-popular "Lady of the Lea." A duet on two pianos (a selection from *Euryanthe*), by Ravina, was played by Mr Myerscough, Mus. Bac., and his clever pupil, Master Whipp."

THE *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz has been produced entire, (for the first time in Germany) at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, by the members of Rühl's Vocal Association, under the direction of Herr Knieese, who had also made a German version of the French text, of which Berlioz himself was author. The work was only partially understood by the audience, who seemed to be more or less puzzled by the greater part of it.

THE introduction to Wagner's *Parsifal* has been heard at last, in Munich, at the special desire of King Ludwig. No others were present except relatives and a few intimate friends of the composer. Wagner has returned to Bayreuth.—The first Gewandhaus Concert at Leipzig being fixed for the 4th November, the 33rd anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, the entire programme was devoted to compositions by that great master.

A SACRED CANTATA, entitled *Cruz* (*The Cross*), composed by a lady who publishes under the nom de plume of "Alma," was given at the Dilettante Circle on Sunday afternoon. The words are from an old Latin hymn, known in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* as "The Royal Banners." There are seven or eight verses to the hymn, each forming a separate musical number. The first consists of a prelude for pianoforte and harmonium, followed by a solo for baritone with chorus ("Vexilla Regis"). The third number, "Quo Vulneratus," is set as a recitative (*adagio doloroso*) for soprano, and this gives way to an *aria* for soprano ("Impleta sunt"). The fourth number is an *andante espressivo* ("Beata cujus"), for tenor; the fifth a duet (*andante legato*), for soprano and tenor ("O Cruz ave"); seventh, and last, commencing with a chorus ("Te summa Deus"), followed by an *andante affettuoso* ("Quos per crucis"), for four voices, echoed by the chorus, and finishing with the customary "Amen." The singers were Mme Arabella Smythe, Miss Eleanor Burnett, Mr D. D'Arcy Ferris, and Signor Monari Rocca. The audience were deeply impressed by the work and the efficient manner in which it was executed.

KENSINGTON.—There is no reason in the world why the various towns making up the great province of London should not have their own musical centres. Some of them are already thus favoured; but it would appear that the time is not yet generally ripe. At any rate, an effort made by Messrs J. B. Cramer & Co. to establish "Wednesday Popular Concerts" at the new Town Hall, Kensington, came to an end on Wednesday last. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether the result of any musical enterprise can be fairly determined in a fortnight. Such things take time, and exact more patience and perseverance than have, in this case, been accorded. But after all, perhaps, the concerts are only suspended, to be presently renewed in a form more adapted to the public taste of the neighbourhood. There is certainly good reason to believe that the music-loving Kensingtonians would patronise performances in a handsome hall situated at their very doors, provided good works and good artists were forthcoming. Of course, without this provision, failure is inevitable. The programme of Wednesday was tripartite; including a selection of classical pieces, another of ballads, and another of operatic airs and ensembles. It thus aimed to gratify all tastes. Mme Mary Cummings sang "Nobil Signor," Mr Viotti Collins played a *Nocturne* by Chopin, and Miss Willoughby gave the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. In the ballad selection, the most successful pieces were those for instruments, Mr Viotti Collins being encored in Sivori's *Carnival of Cuba*, Mr H. Parker obtaining a like honour in a "Galop de Concert" from his own pen. Two songs were specially well received—Cowen's "Better Land," sung by Mme Cummings and encored; and Molloy's "Two little wooden shoes," rendered with just expression by Mme Gilardoni. The operatic part of the programme consisted of a selection from *Marta*, in which Miss Gorbam, Miss Everest, Signor Adelman, Mr Dicker, Mr Peterkin, and the chorus took part. The conductors were Signor Gilardoni and Mr Parker.

THE OPERA AT NEW YORK.

From a variety of New York exchanges we gather some news about operatic proceedings in the "Empire City." The *World* of Nov. 6 contains a highly eulogistic notice of the performance of *Aida*, from which we make the following condensed extract:—

"As it was performed last night scarcely a fault could be found. The *mise-en-scène* was as beautiful, the chorus stronger and in better trim than ever, the brass band on the stage in the second act, for once, in perfect accord with the orchestra, and the soloists all at their best. With the exception of Signor Novara, whose voice does not suit the part of Ramfis, it would be hard to find a better quintet of interpreters. Mdlle Alwina Valleria assumed the part of Aida for the first time in this city, Signor Campanini that of Rhadames, Signor Galassi, Amonasro, Signor Monti, the King, and Miss Annie Louise Cary, Amneris. Mdlle Valleria achieved a great triumph. For the first time since the opera was heard here, the soprano music in the concerted pieces could be properly appreciated, and almost for the first time an Aida was presented who, by her grace and beauty, could be regarded as likely to inspire such a passion as Rhadames felt for her. In the third act she hardly exhibited sufficient contrast of fire and tenderness, but in all other parts of the opera she sang with precision, force, and sweetness. Signors Campanini and Galassi, in capital voice, were no less successful, while Miss Cary was all that could be wished. The house was brilliantly filled."

To the foregoing may be added an equally brief abstract from an article in the *Star*:—

"Verdi's last and greatest work was Col. Mapleson's most brilliant operatic success last season, and, judging from the full house that greeted its re-production at the Academy last night, it has lost nothing in popularity since. The singers were all in good voice, so that the result was thoroughly enjoyable. Ardit once again covered himself with glory by the skilful way in which he wielded his diminutive *bâton*, marshalling the bands of musicians and troopers of the Pharaoh with Napoleonic genius. The cast was, with two exceptions, the same as last year. Valleria's fresh, clear voice is admirably suited to the Ethiopian maiden, and her acting was just passionate enough to appear entirely natural. In the last scene, where she and her lover are consigned to their living tomb, she was, perhaps, a trifle cold; but the situation itself being a powerful incentive to agonising thoughts in the spectators, it was as well she did not make her grief more apparent. Miss Cary, Amneris—as grand and bewitching as Valleria (also an American girl), sang with force and earnestness throughout. Mdlle Cavallazzi's dancing was notable for its grace and refinement."

Campanini and Galassi also come in for their share of praise, the latter being pronounced by the *Star*, "the most perfect of baritones."

AMONG the artists requested to attend the musical *Soirée*, given by the Empress of Germany on the 14th inst. at Coblenz, were Ferdinand Hiller and Señor Sarasate.

THE FAUST OF BERLIOZ.—Few will have forgotten the two performances, in St James's Hall, early during the season, of the *Damnation de Faust*, by Mr Charles Hallé's Manchester band and chorus, under Mr Hallé's own direction. The success was so decided and the masterpiece of the French composer, now accepted in his own country as he has long been accepted in every other, so thoroughly appreciated, that a repetition of the work, sooner or later, was looked forward to as a matter of course. This time, however, Mr Hallé comes without the chorus he has trained so diligently and brought to such perfection in the great Lancashire town, long since the home of his choice, relying now for the most part on such aid as London could afford. The more to his credit that, in such circumstances, he should, with only a single rehearsal, have succeeded in obtaining a performance inferior in no respect to what, after the experience of last May, the public had reason to expect. This sufficed to prove that Mr Hallé is a conductor *quand même*—"to the manner born." The leading singers, with one exception, were the same as six months ago, the exception being Mr Santley, who it must be admitted, surpassed his precursor, Herr Henschel, in his execution of the music assigned to Mephistopheles, and whose "encore" in the serenade was but a well deserved tribute to high merit. Miss Mary Davies as Margaret, and Mr Edward Lloyd as Faust, were again all that could be wished, Mr Pyatt affording valuable help in the small part of Brander. The performance of *Faust* is to be repeated on Saturday, Dec. 11.—*Graphic*.

NORMAN-NERUDA AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The great attraction of the first Philharmonic Concert for the season was the appearance of Mad. Norman-Neruda. The brilliant reputation which preceded her had raised expectation to a very high pitch, yet, so far from being disappointed, expectation was more than realised. Fairly astounded by the manner in which the gifted lady rendered Mendelssohn's Concerto, the audience were, if possible, even more amazed and charmed by her performance of Beethoven's F major Romance, and, to satisfy their enthusiasm, she had to give, as an additional piece, a movement from a Sonata of J. S. Bach's.

TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr. W. T. Best.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 16th:—

Fantasia, in F minor	Mozart.
Andantino, in E major	Schubert.
Organ Sonata	W. T. Best
Triumphal March, <i>Siege of Corinth</i>	Rossini.
Prelude on the Chorale, "O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig!"	Bach.
Elegy for the Organ	E. Silas.
Marche Hongroise	F. Liszt.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16th:—

Organ Sonata, in D minor	Alphonse Maily.
Allegretto, in C major	Weber.
Introduction and Fugue	W. T. Best.
Turkish March, <i>Ruins of Athens</i>	Beethoven.
Fantasia, in G major	Bach.
Air, with Variations and Finale	Henry Smart.
Pastorale	Th. Salomé.
Finale, Allegro moderato, in F major	C. M. Widor.

* * Why one of the slow movements from G. F. Pinto's pianoforte sonatas? and the "Marche Hongroise"! For shame!—Dr Blügel.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—*Drexel's Hôtel de Russie* (State Apartments). Alderman Doublebody, and Dr Cheese, with their compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*, wish to thank him for the kind notice he has taken of them in last week's number of his interesting paper. In return to Mr Duncan D.'s uniform courtesy and doing justice to the importance of their mission, Messrs Doublebody and Cheese wish to impress upon Mr Duncan D. the fact, that they are not anxious to change their present quarters for *Parsifal*. Whatever bliss is in store for them at Bayreuth, they are perfectly satisfied with the "diner à la Russe" in their present quarters, and its European concert. To-day they have for *potage*, "real Turtle," and to-morrow the neighbour to their suite of rooms will be a live crown prince and his consort—their Royal Highnesses of Denmark, who arrive from Paris and no doubt will be agreeably surprised to find at their Hotel a London Alderman. To provide for the evening's amusement, the Alderman and the Doctor, with kind permission, have presented the *Night Camp of Granada* at the magnificent new theatre. The opera, as will be remembered from the very fine performance of *Formes* in London, years and years ago, is by Konradin Kreutzer, born November 22nd, 1780, and the date accounts for the *fiête* in honour of the composer. Alderman Doublebody and Doctor Cheese had also the pleasure of meeting here Anton Rubinstein, who delighted the Frankforters at the Museum's concert on Friday last. Neither could the Alderman, who at home is classical and high church, resist on Sunday the charms of *Aida*. In the Egyptian princess the Doctor recognized a former Covent Garden Donna Anna, Norma, and Lucrezia in the late Mr Gye's Mme Vilda, or by her right name Marie Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse at Vienna. The tenor was another London Season acquaintance—Mr Candidus. The opera is magnificently got up.

LEIPSIK.—The date of the fifth Gewandhaus Concert coincided with the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, and the programme was devoted entirely to works from his pen. They were Psalm 98, Symphony in A major, Hymn for Soprano, Chorus, and Orchestra, Overture to *La Belle Méliuse*, "Ave, Maria," and fragments from the unfinished opera of *Loreley*. At the sixth concert Herr Leechetitzky, the pianist, performed Saint-Saëns' Concerto in C minor; Ballad in A flat major (Chopin); Gavotte and Variations (Rameau). The instrumental pieces were Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*; Symphony (No. 4, B flat major) and the third *Leonore* overture (Beethoven)—substituted at the last moment for the vocal pieces which should have been sung by Mdle Schneider, of Cologne, who was prevented by a railway accident from appearing.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

These very attractive entertainments are following the routine which was the original cause of their existence, and as Mr Director Arthur Chappell well knows, the surest safeguard to their permanence—a departure from which would be as sure a signal of their dissolution. It is all very well, perhaps in some cases advisable, to bring forward examples of the so-called “advanced school” which are disfiguring the art now-a-days, if only to let the works of the really great masters shine at their expense. Up to this time, however, we have not been treated to any of those modern monstrosities during the performance of which one may sit patiently (or impatiently) before “composers” who enforce attention like the “Ancient Mariner,” while, unlike that absorbing narrator, they say positively nothing worth hearing. Mr Chappell has laid open a mine comparatively inexhaustible, which merits exploration to the depths. At the afternoon concert on Saturday we had, among other choice pieces, Mozart's C major Quintet, for stringed instruments, admirably rendered by MM. Strauss, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett and Piatti. The pianist was Mdlle Janotha. This clever young artist gave five numbers from the *Kreiseriana*, as eccentric and dry as Hoffmann's Kapellmeister, from whom they derive their title, and also took part with Herr Straus and Sig. Piatti in Rubinstein's not over-interesting B flat trio—in both instances playing her very best. The vocalist was Mr Edward Lloyd, who, besides a graceful song by Frederic Clay, gave the beautiful air, “Come, Margaret, come,” from Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, in which he obtained but recently so marked a success at the Leeds Festival, where that “sacred drama” was produced for the first time. Mozart, always welcome, has, to the satisfaction of those who love genuine and healthy music, had more to do than usual with the opening Popular Concerts. On Monday night his Serenade in C minor, for oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons, his second work for the same combination of instruments (subsequently arranged by himself as a string quintet), was given with all possible effect by MM. Du-brucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron. The chief attraction at this concert, however, was the debut of Master Eugène D'Albert, pianist (son of Mr D'Albert, the popular composer of dance music)—a youth of exceptional talent and still greater promise. Master D'Albert aimed at once at the highest honours, and legitimately obtained them by his, in every respect, remarkable execution of Schumann's elaborate and difficult *Etudes Symphoniques*, dedicated to Sterndale Bennett. Master D'Albert has not only extraordinary mechanical facility, but a spirit and intelligence far beyond the common. Each of the twelve variations was played with surprising ease and unerring accuracy, and there was a coherence about the entire performance which showed how entirely the young artist had comprehended and mastered his subject. On retiring from the platform, amid reiterated applause, he was twice enthusiastically called back, and seating himself again at the pianoforte, played one of the most trying, if not most engaging “Studies” of Chopin (A minor). Later in the evening, he joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's third sonata (A major) for pianoforte and violoncello, the performance on both hands being as nearly as possible faultless. We are much in error if Master D'Albert has not a brilliant career before him. He is a student at the National Training School, South Kensington, his master in composition being Dr Arthur Sullivan, and his pianoforte professor Herr Ernst Pauer. His earliest appearance in public was last year, at St James's Hall, on which occasion a very clever overture of his own composition was performed. The singer on Monday night was Mdme Leonora Braham, who in Sullivan's well known “Orpheus and his lute,” and one of the *Frühlingslieder* of Mendelssohn won general acceptance. For the concert on Monday next the splendid Overture in F of Schubert (stringed and wind instruments), is announced.—*Graphic*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was produced here on the 8th inst., by the members of Rühl's Vocal Association for the first time in Germany. The performance was under the direction of Herr Kniese, who had written the German version of the text, and, considering the difficulties attending it, accomplished his task in a satisfactory manner. The audience were really interested only in certain passages in the choruses, the part of Mephistopheles, and some instrumental pieces. When more familiar with the work, they will probably appreciate it.

MUNICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the special request of King Ludwig, Wagner recently gave, in the Theatre Royal, a special concert, under his own direction, the introduction to his *Parsifal* being the leading attraction. Besides His Majesty, the audience consisted only of the composer's family and a few intimate friends. As a matter of course, the introduction, like every novelty from the same inspired source, is pronounced “one of the most beautiful and deeply moving things the Master has written” (“*Es soll zu dem Schönsten und Ergreifendsten gehören, was der Meister geschrieben hat*”). Before starting for Bayreuth, Wagner invited the gentlemen members of the opera company and some particularly favoured adherents to a “friendly booze” (“*fideler Kneipabend*”) at the Orlando Lasso.

MDLLE JANOTHA.—The highly gifted young pianist who is just now an attraction at the Popular Concerts gave a recital of music in St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and was supported by a large attendance of amateurs. On this occasion Mdlle Janotha brought forward nothing save works having a place among familiar things, on which account, perhaps, her refined and intellectual interpretation was all the more enjoyed. She began with Beethoven's “Pastoral” Sonata, and followed on with Bach's “Echo” piece; Beethoven's Variations on a theme in C major, Chopin's *Nocturne* in C sharp and *Polonaise* in C minor; and Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor (Op. 28). A better selection *per se*, or one more adapted to display the capability of the performer, could hardly have been made. Mdlle Janotha was almost equally at home with all her composers. Her poetic rendering of the “Pastoral,” her neat and precise manipulation of Bach's music, her mastery of the key-board in Beethoven's Variations, and delicacy and *finesse* in Chopin's pieces and her remarkable fluency in the *Fantasia* (“*Sonate Ecossaise*”) dedicated to Moscheles by Mendelssohn, alike bespoke the accomplished artist, who can, in the best possible sense, be “all things to all men.” Perhaps the young lady's best effort was made in Chopin's *Nocturne*, the refinement of which was so brought out as to elicit unqualified admiration. But distinctions in this case are not called for. The entire recital was one to be thoroughly enjoyed.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The fifteenth season of these very popular entertainments began in the customary successful manner in St James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the attendance being large and the applause enthusiastic. Mr John Boosey is clearly not to be tempted by past good fortune into the indifference that risks the present and perils the future. His concerts are well established, but he takes as much precaution, by putting forward good songs and engaging the best artists, as though public favour had to be won instead of merely retained. Ballad-lovers are not slow to discern this, and hence their unanimity and constancy in support of an *entrepreneur* who treats them with respect and in a liberal manner. The programme of Wednesday evening came fully up to the average. It contained, no doubt, a usual proportion of modern music; but as the selections were judicious and their character largely varied, no one felt disposed to complain. From the twenty-eight pieces performed we can only select for mention those which met with the greatest success. First in the list of special favourites stood a new song by Marzials, “A summer shower,” sung with great effect by Miss Mary Davies, who, after acknowledging a re-call, was compelled to repeat it; a like honour falling to Mr Santley in Tosti's “For ever and for ever.” Macfarren's “My own, my guiding star,” capably given by Mr Maas, was even a more marked success, the audience persisting in calling for an *encore* after the artist had twice bowed his thanks. Signor Folli obtained ample recognition of his voice and skill in Schumann's “Two Grenadiers” and Gatty's “Gallants of England,” being three times recalled at the close of the second song, an equal measure of favour rewarding the efforts of Miss Clara Samuelli, in Wekslin's “The Wood,” of Mr Santley, in a piquant new song, “Face it,” by Sir J. Benedict; of Mdme Antoinette Sterling, in a new song, “The Baby and the Fly,” by Molloy (which she gave to perfection), and of the South London Choral Association, in “The Bells of St Michael's Tower.” Mr Maybrick and Mr Lloyd also appeared; but the favourite tenor was unwell, and, after begging the indulgence of the audience in his first song, did not appear to sing his third. Mr Sydney Naylor was, as usual, an efficient accompanist.

MARIA MALIBRAN.*

Initiators! It is thus I call those privileged individuals, those magnetic beings, who cause chords previously mute to vibrate within us. We often carry in our nature, without being aware of it, tastes, gifts, and qualities, which slumber in the state of germs; they exist, but alone do not possess sufficient force to come to anything. By chance, one of those who illumine the soul crosses our path! He speaks to and questions us. Suddenly, there is light—the spring gushes forth. We did not understand and we understand; we did not love and we love; we have found the way to Damascus. There is not one of us who has not had some of these providential encounters. As for myself, I owe them much. Three ardent tastes have shared and enchanted my life: fencing, flowers, and music; each was derived from an initiator. I have related how my meeting with that genius of fencing, Bertrand, made of me more than a pupil—an adept. As for my taste for flowers, I have it from a poor country gardener, and, perhaps, some day I will tell the world about the humble friend who taught me to love the *people of flowers*. To-day I will confine myself to two great artists who breathed into my soul the sacred and ardent love of music: Maria Malibran and Berlioz. I shall be compelled to say a little about myself, but only that I may say a great deal concerning them; the intimate friendship which bound me to both will enable me to add a few precise and new touches to two figures, one of which is already no more than a remembrance, while the other is beginning to enter the domain of the legend.

My love of music, suppressed by a singular family superstition, was developed only at a somewhat late period. My father's memory and name were with me objects of a worship which will easily be understood; I had no higher ambition than to resemble him, and my relatives carefully fostered in me the pious wish. Now my father was not fond of music and could not sing in tune, so, when I spoke at college of taking singing lessons, "It would be no good," I was told. "Your father could not sing in tune." I immediately withdrew my wish. I considered I had no right to like what my father did not like. Two years later—I was then sixteen—I was taken to the Opéra-Comique to hear Della Maria's *Prisonnier*: I was touched by the simple grace of certain things in it and ventured to say, timidly: "I think I am fond of music." "No, you are not! Your father could not sing in tune." The argument struck me as unanswerable, and my filial piety speedily exorcised my irreligious and absurd fancy. A year subsequently I was taken to hear *La Dame Blanche*. The trio in the first act excited my enthusiasm, and I exclaimed: "But I do love music!" "No, you do not. Your father sang out of—"" Oh, I do not know how my father sang; I know very well, though, what I feel within me! I do like music! I do like music! I do like music!" There was no help for it, and I was allowed to indulge my strange taste, which went on being gently developed in the temperate domain of comic opera, till, one day, an unexpected meeting suddenly changed my taste into a passion and transported me violently into the higher regions of art. People were talking a great deal of the arrival in Paris of a young singer, a daughter of the celebrated tenor Garcia, and wife of an American merchant, M. Malibran. The lady was said to rival Mad. Pasta. My good fortune took me to a charity concert at the Conservatory, the day the fair artist sang for the first time in Paris. The crowd was immense and expectation raised to a high pitch. Seated on the platform among the lady-patronesses, the newcomer was the object of general curiosity. There was nothing remarkable in her figure or physiognomy. In the little mauve hood which half concealed her face, she resembled a young English girl. Her turn to sing having arrived, she rose, removed her hood, and went to the piano, on which she was to accompany herself. She had scarcely taken her seat ere the transformation began. In the first place, the way her hair was dressed astonished people by its simplicity; no curls, no skilfully devised and towering fabric; smooth flat plaits showing the form of the head: a somewhat large mouth; a rather short nose; but such a beautiful oval face; such a purely designed neck and shoulders, that beauty of feature was replaced by purity of outline; and lastly eyes such as had never been seen since Talma, eyes which had an atmosphere

* From a pamphlet written by M. Ernest Legouvé and published by Hetzel, Paris.

of their own. Virgil speaks of "*Natantia lumina somno*." Now Maria Malibran, like Talma, had eyes which swam in some electric fluid or other, whence their glances darted, luminous and yet veiled, similar to a sunbeam traversing a cloud. They appeared charged with melancholy, reverie, and passion. She sang the "Song of the Willow" from *Otello*. At the twentieth bar, the public were conquered; at the end of the first strophe, they were inebriated; at the end of the piece, they were mad. As for myself, I experienced the sensation felt by a man in the car of a captive balloon, at the moment the rope is cut. A second before, he was gently rocked to-and-fro at a few yards from the ground, and then all of a sudden he is shot like an arrow into the plains of ether. That is what happened to me. Up to then, music had been for me only a pleasing art, made up of grace and cleverness. It suddenly appeared to me as the purest and most pathetic interpreter of poetry, of love, and of grief. A new world, the world of grand dramatic music, was opened to me; the performances of *Semiramide*, of *La Gazza Ladra*, and of *Tancredi*, completed my initiation: Rossini's genius and Malibran's talent served as my initiators.

Soon afterwards I took another step forward in the art, and again it was Malibran who caused me to do so. My guardian was on intimate terms with her family; I was presented to her, and soon joined the mounted escorts of friends who accompanied her in her rides. One day, while we were breakfasting at St Cloud, I called out, being tired with the slowness of the attendance: "Waiter! some plates!" Malibran turned round and said: "Why, you have a baryton." "What is a baryton?" "A pleasing kind of voice. Yours is a good one; you took on the word 'plates' a very resonant note. You should engage a master." I engaged two masters, one for solfeggio and one for singing, and it is thus that I came into direct communication with the masterpieces of dramatic music, that I rose from the part of listener to that of interpreter, that my passion became an occupation and my pleasure serious work, that I went on successively from *Otello* to *Don Juan*, from *Fidelio* to *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from *Il Matrimonio Segreto* to *Der Freischütz*; and that at last—but I am speaking too much of the person initiated; let me speak of the initiatrix.

II.

In human languages there are certain words, such as *lumière*, *jeunesse*, *amour*, and *beauté*, which appear formed of light.† Well, there are certain names in art which shine with the same brilliancy. Such are Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mlle Rachel, and Maria Malibran. All three died young, and their premature end, by adding to their talent the charm of something incomplete and interrupted, has established among them a sort of relationship; we are fond of considering them as three sisters in a career of glory. Maria Malibran found an admirable poet in Alfred de Musset. The stanzas he dedicated to her live in the memory of us all, but do they tell us everything? No, for poetry cannot do so; poetry sings but does not analyse; poetry immortalises but transfigures superior beings. The details of their character and genius, the familiar side of their nature, disappear in the grandeur of the portrait. Bossuet certainly never wrote anything more sublime than his funeral oration on Madame, but there is room beside it for the simple and truthful account of Mad. de Lafayette. The biographer does not contradict, he completes the orator; he does not correct but humanise the portrait. The very imperfections form part of the likeness, and truth adds a *poetry of its own*! I would fain do for Alfred de Musset what Mad. de Lafayette did for Bossuet; de Musset sang the praises of Maria Malibran; I should like to attempt her portrait.

(To be continued.)

PESTH.—Franz Liszt will come here before Christmas and occupy the splendid residence assigned him in the Musik-Academie. He will stay till the spring and devote himself principally to instructing the members of the upper pianoforte class.

• To the EDITOR of the *M. W.*: Honoured Sir, can you please inform me how it is that a gentleman so fond of music as M. Ernest Legouvé did not know what a baryton was? Yours, respectfully, *Printer's D.* (Little D., no connection with the "Big D." of *Pinafore*).

† I give the original French words for "light," "youth," "love," and "beauty," in order that M. Legouvé may enjoy the full benefit—whatever that may be—of his assertion.—Translator.

WAIFS.

Joseffy, the pianist, has been playing in Toronto.
 Sarasate intends giving a series of concerts in Warsaw.
 The Popular Concerts, Liège, commence on the 29th inst.
 Mme Teresina Singer has accepted an engagement in Warsaw.
 Anton Rubinstein has written a new symphony, entitled "Russia."
 Medini, the bass, is engaged at the Italian opera, St Petersburg.
 Hellmesberger Junr.'s buffo-opera, *Graf Gleichen*, is a success in Pesth.
 Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera* is announced at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples.
 Gomez's *Guarany* has been well received at the Teatro Real, Madrid.
 Usiglio's *Donne Curiose* has been performed at the Teatro Nuovo, Verona.
 The Italian operatic season in Havannah was inaugurated on the 3rd inst.
 Marino Mancinelli has been decorated with the order of the Crown of Italy.
 The French operatic season at Nice was inaugurated by Lecocq's *Petit Duc*.
 The 1st inst. was the 30th anniversary of Stern's Vocal Association, Berlin.
 Anton Rubinstein will shortly undertake a concert-tour in Switzerland.
 Handel's *Samson* was performed on the 1st inst., by the Oratorio Association, Cassel.
 Anton Rubinstein has composed a new orchestral symphony, which he has entitled "Russia."
 Edmund Neubert has been appointed teacher of the pianoforte in the Conservatory, Moscow.
 Herr Reiss, of Cassel, succeeds Herr Jahn on the 1st January, as *Capellmeister* at Wiesbaden.
 Theodor Thomas is appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Brooklyn, New York.
 There is a question of removing the remains of Petrella, composer of *Jone*, from Genoa to Palermo.
 Gevaert's *Quentin Durward* will shortly be produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.
 Constantin Sternberg, the Russian pianist, appeared for the first time at Philadelphia on the 4th inst.
 After a protracted stay in Italy for the benefit of his health, Anton Wallerstein has returned to Dresden.
 Mlle Witmann, a young German vocalist, was favourably received in Wagner's *Rienzi*, at the Politeama, Rome.
 The concerts of the Musical Academy, Munich, were inaugurated by a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.
 At present there are only two professorships at the Istituto Rossini, Pesaro: that of singing and that of composition.
 Franz Liszt has accepted the position of Superintendent of the pianoforte classes at the Musik-Akademie of Pesth.
 The first number of a new musical and theatrical journal, *Ugeskrift for Theater og Musik*, appeared at Copenhagen on the 17th inst.
 A new science-and-art review has been published in Barcelona. It is called *Paladion*, and written in Spanish, Italian, and French.
 A training school for chorus-singers, under Herr Faistenberger, has been established in connection with the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.
 Salvino Salvini, the celebrated Italian sculptor, has almost completed his statue of Guido d'Arezzo, intended for the composer's native place.
 Sig. Miceli, of Naples, is setting a libretto founded on Victor Hugo's *Burgraves*. The same subject has already been treated operatically by Giovanni and Scontrino.
 M. Rémusat, a musician of great ability, many years ago leading flautist at our Royal Italian Opera, died on the 1st of September, at Shanghai, where, since 1865, he had established himself as the musical authority of the town.
 Berlin papers announce the death, at the age of seventy-two, of the well-known musical theorist, Karl Friedrich Weitzmann. A pupil of Henning and Bernhard Klein, during his early life he was engaged in the practical exercise of his art for some years in the service of the late Emperor Nicholas. Since 1848 he devoted himself almost entirely to the investigation and exposition of the theory of musical composition, and in these studies attained considerable repute. Weitzmann wrote several works dealing with this and kindred subjects.

THE WHISPER OF THE HEART.*

What is this across me stealing,
 This sweet voice so low that I
 Scarce have heard its gentlest breath-
 ing
 Ere away it seems to die;
 Never heard amid the tumult
 Of the gay world's crowded mart,
 Speaking in life's quiet moments?
 'Tis the whisper of the heart.

What is this which it is telling,
 In its simple lore to me;
 Making clear what else were shadow'd
 By a veil of mystery?
 All the secret springs within me
 Now are touch'd by magic art;
 Wondrous things to me are open'd
 By the whisper of the heart.

When some form to me is dearer
 Than all other forms below;
 And I wonder if the currents
 Of responsive passion flow;
 Then, when all the lips can utter
 Fails persuasion to impart,
 Comes an answering, sweet assurance,
 In the whisper of the heart.

Hereford, November 17th, 1880.

SARAH ANN STOWE.

(* Copyright.)

M. LAMOREUX has returned to Paris, but will revisit London not long hence.

AMONG the audience at the last performance of the *Damnation de Faust*, in St James's Hall (on Saturday night), were Mme Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt.

HAMBURG.—The centenary of Conradin Kreutzer's birth was duly celebrated at the Stadttheater. The house was lighted a *giorno*, the opera being the composer's still popular *Nachtlager in Granada*. The programme was completed by a scenic display illustrative of the event commemorated.

VALLERIA'S MARGARET.—Mme Valleria has been steadily gaining ground in this community, but even yet hardly receives her meed of eulogy. She is invariably true and conscientious, and possesses a voice of constantly improving quality. Her *Marguerite* is a creation thoroughly *casta e pura*, and her rendering of the "Jewel Song" a model of acting and singing.—*New York "Daily Graphic."*

SHANGAI.—Rémusat, the flautist, once a celebrity in Paris, died here on the 1st September. Born in 1815 at Bordeaux, he carried off the first prize for the flute at the Paris Conservatory when he was fourteen. He became successively first solo flautist at the Grand Opera, Paris; conductor at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles; and musical director at the Queen's Theatre, London (?). After visiting Manila in 1865, he established himself here, and founded several musical and histrionic societies. He was a great favourite with his artistic contemporaries, including Ambrose Thomas, Adam, Jullien, Lablache, Sivi, Jenny Lind, Diaz, &c. The various societies he founded, the consular and municipal authorities, and the principal inhabitants of the town made a point of joining the personal friends who followed him to the grave.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The seventh of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts brought forward Mme Isabel Fassett, a vocalist from the United States, who made her first appearance here, and achieved considerable success by her effective rendering of Handel's recitative and air, "Hence, Iris," and Liszt's setting of "The King of Thule." The impression made by the American vocalist was so favourable that there will doubtless soon be a further opportunity for estimating her merits. Another novelty was a charming orchestral piece by Dr Ferdinand Hiller, entitled *The Sentinel* ("Auf der Wacht")—an adaptation by himself from a set of movements in the military style, originally written for the pianoforte. The bold martial rhythm of the principal theme is well relieved by a generally melodious second subject, which forms a kind of trio. The piece pleased so much that it had to be repeated. Mme Frickenhaus gave a vigorous and brilliant, yet finished, rendering of Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Allegro Gioioso* for pianoforte (with orchestra); as well as two unaccompanied solos by Chopin and Schumann. The concert opened with Haydn's symphony in B flat (No. 4 of the "Salomon" set), and concluded with the characteristic "Pas des Lutteurs" and "Marche Triomphale," from Berlioz's *La Prise de Troi*—the programme further including portions of Beethoven's music to *Egmont*. Clara's *Lieder* were effectively given by Mme Sophie Löwe, who sang, in the earlier part of the concert, Mendelssohn's "Infelice." For the concert of to-day, a concerto for violoncello, by M. Saint-Saëns, is to be performed by M. Hollmann, a movement from a *divertimento* for stringed instruments, by Mozart, and the ballet music from Ponchielli's *Le due Gemelli* are announced—"for the first time here"—at the Crystal Palace.—D. N.

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